

wielding

by dreckllyn

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Summary: On the battlefield she's a hurricane, an intrepid force to be reckoned with and this carries over behind closed doors. He likes it when his meister takes control.

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There's something so mind blowingly intimate when she grabs him by the hilt and flourishes him through the air. He can feel her calloused grip tight against his cool metal and the smooth vibrations of her muscles when she follows through with a swing. It's torture really, moreso now when there are no enemies to focus his energy on or danger to protect her from. In practice there is only clingy humid air and pure unbridled exhilarated tension. It never used to be like this. Back years ago when he was merely pining for her beneath tired toothy smiles and shaky fingers through his hair he could withstand the feel of her hand, the rough pant of her breath pulsing with adrenaline. But now that he knows just how that touch feels clawing at his back, how similar her exhales of exertion are to those fueled by lust and want and what used to be an innocent enough session to work on blocks and slices is now a battle of sheer willpower.

It's all he can do to keep himself sheathed in weapon form. It's a little more bearable this way as this state bares no traces of human anatomy and he can easily conceal his burning cheeks and the rather persistent bulge between his legs, but when he shifts back to his human counterpart he is so utterly fucked. Maka is sweaty and oblivious to his primal needs and he can't believe this is turning him on. Well maybe it's not entirely unforeseeable. She's always been a force of nature, especially when she's wielding him for the kill. In the black vacant abyss he occupies when he takes the shape of a scythe he can freely observe her flaming glare and clenched jaw glistening with sweat and he's never wanted to kiss her more.

"\_ Soul \_." She speaks in an impatient tone that suggests she's been

calling his name for a while now. She's stopped swinging him in repetitive semi circles and he hangs limp at her side and shit, at thigh level. She's definitely trying to kill him. "What's gotten into you? You're so distracted."

His voice comes out rough and metallically distorted from his weapon form and more than a little bit shaky. "Nothing. I don't know what you're talking about. Let's just get this over with, it's a hundred degrees out here."

Maka wipes at her brow with a gloved hand. He'll never understand why she insists on the whole black cape, white gloved get up when summers in Death City are like living in Satan's ass crack. The pleated skirt is really the only appropriate apparel for this weather and the hem of it is in his face, swishing and exposing the milky white of her thigh and does she know what she's doing to him?

"Just a few more minutes. I've almost got this maneuver down."

"That's what you said ten minutes ago."

"Practice makes perfect."

"And sun makes heatstroke."

She pauses and he knows what's coming before the words leave her mouth. "It's actually a result of prolonged exposure to physical exertion in high temperatures--"

"\_Braniac\_. C'mon and swing me already."

He's in the air again as she performs a series of powerful brandishes that would be sure to fuck up anyones day if they so happened to have the misfortune of crossing their path and he is still so unbelievably worked up so it's an absolute blessing when they finally walk into their apartment and Blair is nowhere to be found because he wants nothing more than for his meister to fuck him good and thoroughly and he's sure she's thinking the same thing because she's bouncing nervously on the balls of her feet with a flaky chapped lip between her perfectly rounded teeth and \_Death\_, she's so adorable. He needs her. Badly. But in a way where he's writhing beneath her and panting her name, begging for release and he doesn't know how to \_ask \_for that.

Sex has always been a bit traditional as far as their meager experience was concerned. Passionate and intense of course, and holy hell was it good, but in the three months they'd been sleeping together they never once ventured outside the realm of missionary position and they'd fallen into a somewhat predictable pattern. They'd kiss and touch and make love with her lean legs wrapped around his bony hips. He'd make sure she came first and then he'd follow shortly after because there's no way he could last a fraction of a second longer when she'd just been reduced to a grinning mewling mess beneath him. And that was fine and good and he'd be content in keeping it that way for the rest of their lives as long as she were happy and comfortable.

And yet he's never seen her more at ease than with his silver metal rod between her hands, dominating and utilizing him for her own need

and if there's some admittedly lewd way they can recreate that between the sheets then he is more than up for suggesting it. It's only a matter of broaching the subject.

They fall into their old familiar routine easily enough once they get through the door, kissing and feeling and discarding clothes down the narrow hallway to their bedroom which used to solely belong to Maka. He's moved most of his belongings in here and it's a chaotic clutter of her organized planners and his bright crumpled posters but a perfect mesh of them both even if he does complain endlessly about the bright yellow wallpaper and she threatens to strangle him every time she has to pick his boxers up off the floor.

He pushes lightly against her shoulders and with a soft \_oof \_against his neck Maka's legs hit the edge of the bed. She leans back on her elbows expectantly with flushed cheeks and parted lips and it sends a heat down his chest to tighten in his groin.

"Hey Maka?" he manages to get out, voice husky with unsuppressed need.

"Hmmm. "

"Do you uh...shit." It shouldn't be this hard because they quite literally know the ins and outs of each other's souls. This is Maka. Scraped up kneed, pigtailed bookworm \_Maka \_and he can recite her very being like a familiar song and knows her as fucking cliché as it sounds, better than he knows himself.

"What's wrong?" She's sitting up fully now with a hand on his arm, concern etched in her green lidded stare and she looks \_worried \_. Like she's done something wrong. There's no point trying to skirt around it.

His hand instinctively goes to his hair, an old reflexive nervous habit he's never quite been able to shake. "Do you wanna maybe...take the lead this time?"

She goes quiet for a while, bare feet swinging back and forth off the bed as if she's contemplating something as simple as a math equation. She's always been a scholar and he can see her process his query through her head, analyzing every intricate detail and possible outcome. "Like...top and stuff?"

He exhales through his nose. He hadn't realised he'd been holding his breath. "Sorry, I'm an idiot-"

"Yeah. Okay."

"Okay?"

She grins feebly up at him. "I already agreed dumby. Now lie on your back."

Fuck he's going to enjoy this. They switch positions and he scoots up the mattress while she watches on with a calculative look. He's seen that look before. She wears it while studying or reading or really with anything that requires her complete concentration and now he's to be the subject of her focus. His cock pulses beneath his boxers and he grips the sheets until his knuckles are white because while

Maka is stripped down to her panties, her white button up still hides a majority of her paper soft skin and if he comes now before she's even completely undressed he doesn't think he'll be able to live with the shame.

She joins him on the edge of the bed, perched on folded legs as her hands trail circles down his sides, cold and calloused fingers across his skin before sliding his boxers over his hips. His erection bounces to life in the humid air and he can hear the vibration in her throat as she hums approvingly.

She's hovering over him timidly now seeking approval. "Should I justâ€¦|"

He glances up at her from under his bangs. "You're overthinking things. As usual."

"I don't always overthink things!"

"You kind of do."

She takes a pigtail, loose from his wandering hands, between her fingers and tugs at it. "I don't know what I'm supposed to do."

He leans forward and takes her hand in his own with a reassuring brush across her knuckles. "It's fine Maka, I can just take the lead."

She shakes her head. "\_No \_ . I want this. I justâ€¦|"

"Hey. It's no different then when you take control of me in my weapon form. I trust you."

That sparks something within her. He can see it in the way her eyes light up with that familiar flame only found in the heat of battle. She straightens and moves her hands to his shoulders, pushing him down gently to sheets below. The mattress groans under their weight and he can't help but whine pathetically when she begins to undo the buttons of her shirt, sheer in the waning sunlight. The beams play shadows across her face and she looks other worldly and more power fueled than even when she's on the battlefield. "Don't touch yourself or me until I tell you to."

He swallows hard and nods his head. Slick black lace meets his gaze when her shirt slides from her shoulders. It's a new number, frilly and feminine and she flaunts it almost bashfully. It certainly leaves nothing up to the imagination and his stomach floods with heat as his eyes roam over her tiny pert tits and the soft curls between her legs, obscured but still somewhat visible by the translucent lace.

"That's new," he manages through a burning throat from his place on the bed, resisting the urge to reach out and stroke the lace between his fingers.

Her lashes flutter at his words and she looks down at the ensemble as if she's just noticing it for the first time.

"Blair got them for me." He makes a note to personally thank Blair the next time he sees her. "Can you take my bra off?" She turns to

expose the milky white expanse of her back, brushing her hair aside so he can get a grip on the clasp. He's not entirely capable of forming words at the moment so he merely nods which is useless because she can't even see him. He loves all of her of course but her back has always been a personal favorite of his. Freckled and lean and curving oh so enticingly. Shaky fingers undo the hook and when he's done she turns around with the straps still hanging from her shoulders. With a lack of leverage the undersides of her breasts are visible and his hands twitch momentarily with the urge to touch them.

"The straps too. But without your hands."

He moistens his lips with his tongue before leaning forward and taking a strap between his pointed teeth. Without the clasp to hold it the bra is easy enough to maneuver off. Her tits are round and perky, dark pink nipples pointed and beckoning to be touched and his eyes flash to hers for approval. She nods tersely and it's only now that he can see the telltale signs of desire in the heave of her chest and the way her toes curl. She hums when he takes a breast into his palm, massaging it with reverence before showing attention to it's twin. His mouth soon joins his touch and she squeaks unexpectedly.

"What?"

"It's \_warm \_."

He's grinning against her skin, tongue flicking between his lips to lick her nipple. "It's my mouth."

She swats at his shoulder and grumbles incoherently but said mouth soon reduces her bluffed complaints to breathy sighs and high pitched moans. Without warning she seizes his hand from her breast and presses it to her core. He can feel heat radiating through the fabric and she's already wet and willing and it's absolute torture when she rolls her hips and parts her soft lips to emit a whimper.

His dick is throbbing impatiently, fully erect and practically begging to be touched but still she rolls away from him when he presses it against her thigh and he lets out a growl of protest.

"\_Maka \_."

"You wanted me to lead right? This is me leading." She's on her back with her knees spread, lips upturned and looking at him from between her tits and he's never seen anything more perfect in his life. Her thumbs hook under her panties and she slides them slowly and sensually down her long lanky legs and her eyes never once leave his own and \_fuck \_she's so beautiful. Her pink wet core is fully exposed to him and he watches with a heavily lidded gaze as she trails a finger almost experimentally across her clit. "Don't touch yourself," she decrees when his hand twitches towards his cock. He obeys her order, however hard it is to follow and his breath catches when she slips a single digit into her pussy and begins to pump almost lazily.

"Maka," he repeats and it's the only coherent word running through his head as she gasps in rhythm to her hand, heels digging hard into

the mattress and he's going to get off just from watching her. He's moving across the bed before he knows what he's doing and she makes no effort to stop him as he positions himself between her spread eagle legs and begins to peck his way up her long inner thigh. She slows her ministrations and looks up at him with something reminiscent of triumph before taking her hand and tugging at the back of his neck to spur him forward. He doesn't even mind that her fingers are soaked and glistening with her essence because it's \_hers \_and his mouth is about to be swimming in it.

Eating Maka out is probably one of his favorite pass times. From his place between her legs he can watch her face as his mouth reduces her to jelly, can feel the cries of need tremble within her belly and the tight squeeze of her calves against his head when she comes around him and he loves making her feel this good, \_craves \_it. His tongue traces shapes across her core, swirling and lapping and drinking her in and her hand is fisted in his hair, nails scraping at his scalp when he places a kiss to her clit.

"Fuuuu - \_Soul \_." She almost sounds aggravated as if she's annoyed he can bring her to pieces so easily. His grin is predatory as he circles his lips around the nub that is the source of her pleasure, sucking and licking with the same exaggerated slurping noises he uses to down souls and it makes her ribs vibrate with giggles. "That's disgusting."

He applies pressure to her clit with his tongue by way of apology and she croons in acceptance as he repeats the motion, breasts heaving and voice rising until he feels every muscle in her body tense at his machinations and she echoes his name one last time before slumping like a ragdoll against the bed. He pulls back away and wipes her salty cum from his lips, eyes darkened and yearning because his cock has never been more persistent and it's almost painful.

"Maka I \_need \_you."

Her panting subsides and she looks up at him from beneath her lashes. "Maka I need you-?"

His hips tremor as if in emphases to her empty question. "\_Please \_."

Her smiles is satisfied and she climbs to her hands and knees before crawling slowly to close the all too distant space between them. "Well why didn't you just say so? Close your eyes," she murmurs. He shoots her a look of trepidation and she raises a brow.

"You better not do anything-"

His protest is stifled by his own moan of long awaited relief when her hand grips around his shaft. Her touch is just as tight and sturdy and practiced as if she were wielding him in battle and it's such a contrast to the first time she'd held him firmly in her hands. She'd been hesitant then, nervous and timid to stroke his member and he'd had to edge her on with words of encouragement and his own guiding fingers but now she holds him expertly and to echo her previous words, practice really did make perfect. He laughs blindly at this and would repeat the saying back to her if only he didn't hate being wrong so passionately. Her pace is faster now and he throws his head back and muffles a sob into the pillow supporting his

neck because the impairment upon his vision really makes every stroke that much more intense.

She leans forward, hand still pumping him and licks a trail up his neck and he grunts when her mouth seeks his own, responding with a playful bite to her lower lip but instead their noses bump clumsily because he really has no spatial concept with his eyes shut tight.

He pulls back with a snort and he's glad for the imposition because he was well on his way to coming in her palm.

"Maka I love you but can you please fuck me now?" he pleads breathlessly, desperate now for some sort of release.

She rests on her haunches, biting her lip with feigned contemplation. "Well you have been good."

He hums, nodding encouragingly. "So good. I wasn't even all that messy giving you head."

She crawls into his lap and she bends her head to let her lips nibble at his ear. "I guess that's pretty persuasive."

He sits cross legged upon the sheets, now damp and slick from their sweat with his erection firm and taut against her belly. Straddling his thighs, Maka takes his cock into her hand - dripping and wet with anticipation - and positions herself at the head. Slowly and deferentially, her perfect mouth curved into an 'O', she sheathes himself inside her and he loses all feel and concept of the world around him. Nothing exists but this - this place where they are quite literally joined at the hip and fuck, she's just sitting there perched on his dick and completely painfully still and smirking.

"Maka," he gripes, rolling his hips in a meager effort to achieve some stimulation. "\_Move \_."

And then she's writhing above him in a torturously slow steady pace and he can't maintain any semblance of balance. He slides backwards until his back is flat against the mattress and she remains upright and constant, one hand on his hip and the other pressed to his chest to maintain her equilibrium and he knows he's not going to last long, not with her tits bouncing erratically above him. Not with the throaty moans that echo and ring off the bedroom walls and especially not with the sustained eye contact between them that would have made him question whether she could see into his very soul if she didn't already possess the capability.

On the battlefield she's a hurricane, an intrepid force to be reckoned with and this carries over behind closed doors. He likes it when his meister takes control, likes that she sets the pace and the pressure and has power over what he feels and tastes and sees. Likes that all he can manage out of his lips is a consistent running dialogue of yes and fuck and her name.

"Good?" Her eyes roam him questioningly as if searching for approval and he bucks his hip to meet her own in response.

"So fucking good," he chokes, moving his hands from the blankets to

stroke at the curve of her waist and swell of her breasts and he just needs all of her against him and with him and in him and it's never enough.

Her pace has quickened now and he's practically lunging off the bed to meet her halfway. He's sure they'll both have purple bruises on their hips come morning and yet the thought of her marking his skin exhilarates him. Her moans of approval have shifted to staccato hiccups of high pitched mewling and he matches his own pace to the rhythm of her voice, punctuating every thrust with a breathy grunt.

The heat within his gut is swelling and curling and his fingers tighten around her hips as way of warning and she's grinning down at him because she knows exactly what she's doing when her pace slows, smooth and sedated.

A tumultuous cry of protest breaks from his lips because she's bobbing up and down on his cock at an agonizingly near stagnant speed and she has him so firmly pressed beneath her that his own rocks against her core don't provide much in the way of satisfaction.

"Fucking hell Maka," he sputters, mouth dry and coarse and clenched with need. She reigns above him, mighty and powerful and he is at her complete disposal, at the utter will of his meister and then with one last lingering plunge her walls clench tightly around his shaft and her eyes widen with unsuppressed relief before slumping forward, pussy still straddling his cock and finally, finally, he gives into the long denied release he's been hungering for. He seeks out her mouth and stifles his moans against her lips, hips jerking instinctively into her soaking wet core while heat floods his cock and his thighs and spreads down to the curl of his toes. Her thighs squeeze his waist, thumb stroking slowly across the length of his jaw and then the room stops spinning and he goes soft inside her, leaving him a grinning sweaty mess spread eagle on the bed. He catches his breath and they share a silent, knowing glance - that this was right and good and perfect and they are so going for round two in about an hour or so.

"During practice. You were doing all that on purpose," he murmurs into the crook of her shoulder, the smooth skin glossy and wet from exertion.

"Maybe." She yawns innocently before burrowing further into his side. "You're so easy to work up."

He's too utterly spent to protest and so he merely snickers into the dark, placing a kiss to her shoulder blade and trailing a pattern across the sprinkled freckles there.

"Yeah. I guess I am."

She beams victoriously and he finds himself genuinely looking forward to their next practice session.

End  
file.